



Tit for Tat.

I'LL tell you of a farmer that was going to pay
his rent,
And for to pay his landlord it was his full intent,
His wife she thought he had been gone, but to her
great mistake,
For he was in his closet some writings for to make.
A lace merchant by chance came in, she treated
him with wine,
She said, my husband's gone from home, to love
I am inclin'd,
I wish he may never return, such compliments she
made,
She took him to a private room, where beds and
pillows laid.

The farmer hearing what was said, his anger
rose apace,
He went into the kitchen, where he found a box
He took it and empty'd it, and in the same he found
Both diamond rings and lace, worth seven hundred
pounds.

The farmer goes into the town as cunning as a fox,
And there he got a bastard child and put in the box,
He took his neighbours home with him, all for to
see the fun,
So craftily he put the box in the same place again.
And with his boots and spurs on, into the room he
goes,
And with his whip all in his hand he throws down
the cloaths.
With his whip he laid on closely, he follow'd on
his blows,
The smart they could not bear, so they ran off
without their cloaths.

Not thinking of a child, the laceman took his box;
He ran home like a madman, the blood ran down
his locks.

His wife she saw him naked, she fell into a fit,
She thought he by a gang of thieves had been robb'd
and stript.

She pity'd him, most desperately she did bewail
his case,

'Tis well you sav'd the box, my dear, the diamond
rings and lace,

She had no sooner spoke but the child began to cry,
Which made the matter ten times worse, she wept
most bitterly.

Now the man is forc'd to keep the child, which
grieves him to the life;

A thousand times he curses the day he kiss the
farmer's wife,

Nor horning of the farmer's head he has paid a
thousand pounds,

Nor ever after durst he come so near the farmer's
grounds.

